

Ham. Why?

Clo. 'Twill not be scene in him, there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clo. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clo. Faith e'ne with loosing his wits.

Ham. Vpon what ground?

Clo. Why heere in Denmarke: I haue bin fixeteene heere, man and Boy thirty yeares.

Ham. How long will a man lie 'ith' earth ere he rot?

Clo. Ifaith, if he be not rotten before he die (as we haue many pocky Coarces now adaies, that will scarce hold the laying in) he will last you some eight yeare, or nine yeare. A Tanner will last you nine yeare.

Ham. Why he, more then another?

Clo. Why sir, his hide is so tan'd with his Trade, that he will keepe out water a great while. And your water, is a fore Decayer of your horson dead body. Heres a Scull; now, this Scull, has laine in the earth three & twenty yeares.

Ham. Whose was it?

Clo. A whorson mad Fellowes it was; Whose doe you thinke it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clo. A pestilence on him for a mad Rogue, a pou'd a Flaggon of Renish on my head once. This same Scull Sir, this same Scull sir, was *Torick's* Scull, the Kings Iester.

Ham. This?

Clo. E'ne that.

Ham. Let me see. Alas poore *Torick*; I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite feits; of most excellent fancy, he hath borne me on his backe a thousand times. And how abhorred my Imagination is, my gorge rises at it. Heere hung those lipps, that I haue kist I know not how oft. Where be your liues now? Your Gambals? Your Songs? Your flashes of Merriment that were wont to set the Table on a Rore? No one now to mock your own Ieering? Quite chopaine? Now get you to my Ladies Chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this fauour she must come. Make her laugh at that: prythee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that my Lord?

Ham. Dost thou thinke *Alexander* lookt o'this fashion 'ith' earth?

Hor. E'ne so.

Ham. And smelt so? Puh.

Hor. E'ne so, my Lord.

Ham. To what base vses we may returne *Horatio*. Why may not Imagination trace the Noble dust of *Alexander*, till he find it stopping a bung-hole.

Hor. 'Twere to consider: to curiously to consider so.

Ham. No faith, not a ior. But to follow him thether with modestie enough, & likelihood to lead it; as thus. *Alexander* died: *Alexander* was buried: *Alexander* returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make Lome, and why of that Lome (where to he was conuerted) might they not stopp a Beere-barrell? Impertinent *Cesar*, dead and turn'd to clay, Might stop a hole to keepe the winde away. Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe, Should patch a Wall, & expell the winters flaw. But soft, but soft, asides; heere comes the King.

Enter King, Queene, Laertes, and a Coffin,
with Lords attendant.

The Queene, the Courtiers. Who is that they follow,

And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken,
The Coarse they follow, did with disperate hand,
Fore do it owne life; 'twas some Estate,
Couch we a while, and mark.

Laer. What Cerimony else?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a very Noble youth: Marke.

Laer. What Cerimony else?

Priest. Her Obsequies haue bin as farre inlarg'd,
As we haue warrantis, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great Command, o're-swaies the order,
She should in ground vn sanctified haue lodg'd,
Till the last Trumpet. For charitable praier,
Shardes, Flints, and Peebles, should be thro wne on her.
Yet heere she is allowed her Virgin Rites,
Her Maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of Bell and Buriall.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

Priest. No more be done:

We should prophane the seruice of the dead,
To sing sage *Requiem*, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted Soules.

Laer. Lay her 'ith' earth,
And from her faire and vnpolluted flesh,
May Violets spring. I tell thee (churlish Priest)
A Ministring Angell shall my Sister be,
When thou liest howling?

Ham. What, the faire *Ophelia*?

Queene. Sweets, to the sweet farewell.

I hop'd thou should'st haue bin my *Hamlets* wife;
I thought thy Bride-bed to haue deckt (sweet Maid)
And not 't haue strew'd thy Graue.

Laer. Oh terrible woer,
Fall ten times trebble, on that cursed head
Whose wicked deed, thy most Ingenious sence
Deprid' thee of. Hold off the earth a while,
Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes:

Now pile your dust, vpon the quicke, and dead,
Till of this flat a Mountaine you haue made,
To o'retop old *Pelion*, or the skyish head
Of blew *Olympus*.

Ham. What is he, whose griefes
Beares such an Emphasis? whose phrase of Sorrow
Coloure the wandering Starres, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The deuill take thy soule.

Ham. Thou prais't not well,

I prythee take thy fingers from my throat;
Sir though I am not Spicenatiue, and rash,
Yet haue I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wisenesse feare. Away thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Qu. *Hamlet, Hamlet.*

Gen. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why I will fight with him vpon this Theme,
Vntill my eiels will no longer wag.

Qu. Oh my Sonne, what Theme?

Ham. I lou'd *Ophelia*; fortie thousand Brothers
Could not (with all there quantitie of Loue)
Make vp my summe. What wilt thou do for her?

King. Oh he is mad *Laertes*,

Qu. For loue of God forbear him.

Ham. Come show me what thou'lt doe.
Woo't weepe? Woo't fight? Woo't reare thy selfe?
Woo't drinke vp *Esile*, eate a Crocodile?

Hee doo't. Dost thou come heere to whine;
To outface me with leaping in her Graue?
Be buried quicke with her, and so will I.
And if thou prate of Mountaines; let them throw
Millions of Akers on vs; till our ground
Sindging his pate against the burning Zone,
Make *Ossa* like a wart. Nay, and thou'lt mouth,
He rant as well as thou.

Kim. This is meere Madnesse:
And thus awhile the fit will worke on him:
Anon as patient as the female Doue,
When that her golden Cuplet are disclos'd;
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Heare you Sir:

What is the reason that you vse me thus?
I haue receiued you; but it is no matter:
Let *Hercules* himselfe doe what he may,
The Cat will Mew, and Dogge will haue his day. Exit.

Kim. I pray you good *Horatio* wait vpon him,
Strengthen you patience in our last nights speech,
We'l put the matter to the present push:
Good *Gertrude* let some watch ouer your Sonne,
This Graue shall haue a liuing Monument:
An houre of quiet shortly shall we see;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be. Exit.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this Sir; now let me see the other,
You doe remember all the Circumstance.

Hor. Remember it my Lord?

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kinde of fighting,
That would not let me sleepe; me thought I lay
Worse then the mutines in the Bilboes, rashly,
(And praise be rashnesse for it) let vs know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serues vs well,
When our deare plots do paule, and that should teach vs,
There's a Diuinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certaine.

Ham. Vp from my Cabin

My sea-gowne scarft about me in the darke,
Grop'd I to finde out them; had my desire,
Finger'd their Packet, and in fine, withdrew
To mine owne roome againe, making so bold,
(My feares forgetting manners) to vnseale
Their grand Commission, where I found *Horatio*,
Oh royall knaury: An exact command,
Larded with many seuerall sorts of reason;
Importing Denmarks health, and Englands too,
With hoo, such Bugges and Goblins in my life,
That on the superuize no leasure bated,
No not to stay the grinding of the Axe,
My head should be struck off.

Hor. If possible?

Ham. Here's the Commission, read it at more leysure:
But wilt thou heare me how I did proceed?

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with Villaines,
Ere I could make a Prologue to my braines,
They had begun the Play. I fate me downe,
Deuis'd a new Commission, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our Statists doe,
A basenesse to write faire; and laboured much
How to forget that learning: but Sir now,
It did me Yeomans seruice: wilt thou know
The effects of what I wrote?